

MARVEL

003

SINS OF SINISTER

[part_]
[__X__]



SPURRIER
TAMMETTA
SEVY
BEREDO

NIGHTCRAWLERS



Wendy F. 22
ABYRTOV



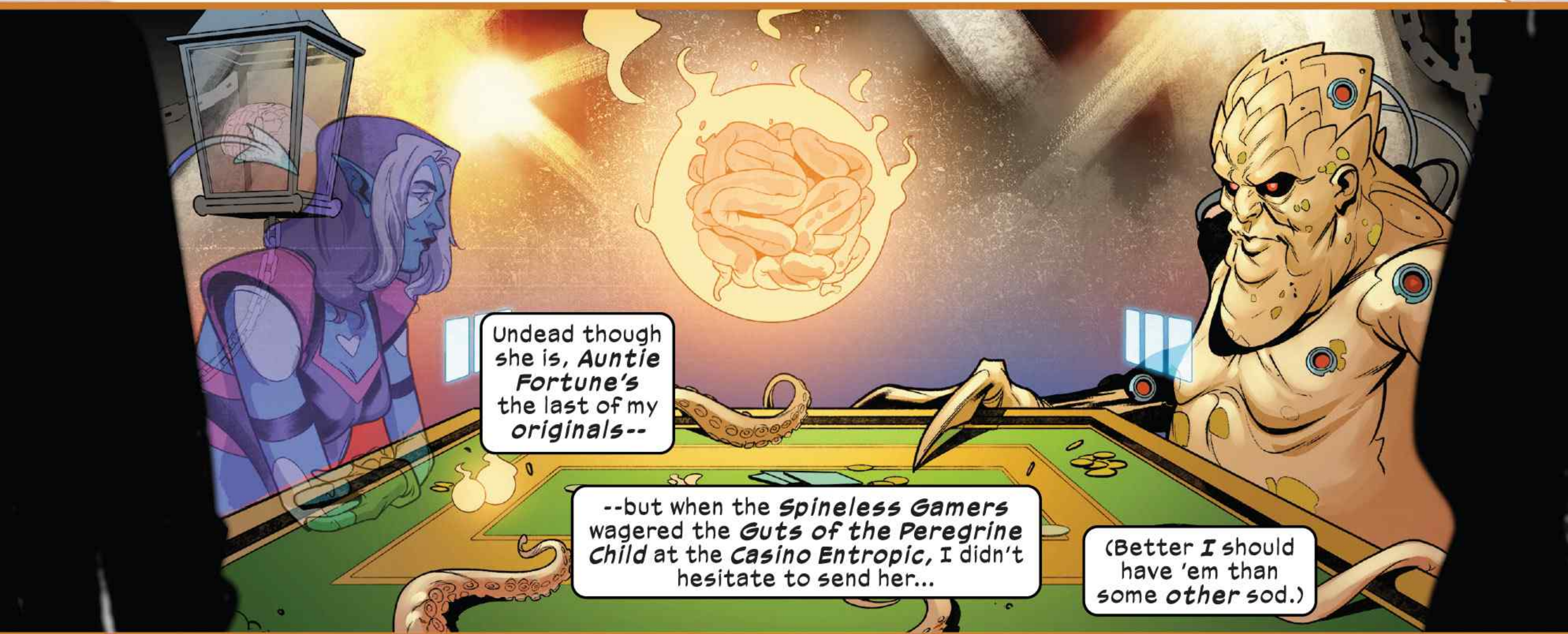
Truth
is?

I've been
ready for
centuries.



When the *Silver
Mercator* unstitched
the *Low Key Corps*
from the Omniverse--
'member that?

I didn't really *need* the
infinity dust they'd been
snortin'. Nicked it anyway.



Undead though
she is, *Auntie
Fortune's*
the last of my
originals--

--but when the *Spineless Gamers*
wagered the *Guts of the Peregrine
Child* at the *Casino Entropic*, I didn't
hesitate to send her...

(Better *I* should
have 'em than
some other sod.)



Even this business with the *Teeming
Dupedom* and its glorious bleedin' crusade
against the rump of the *Brood*...

...I didn't 'ave
to go in there
and find out
what they were
fightin' over.



Just...nice to get your 'ands dirty now and then, innit?

Tt.

A Phoenix egg.

How quaint.

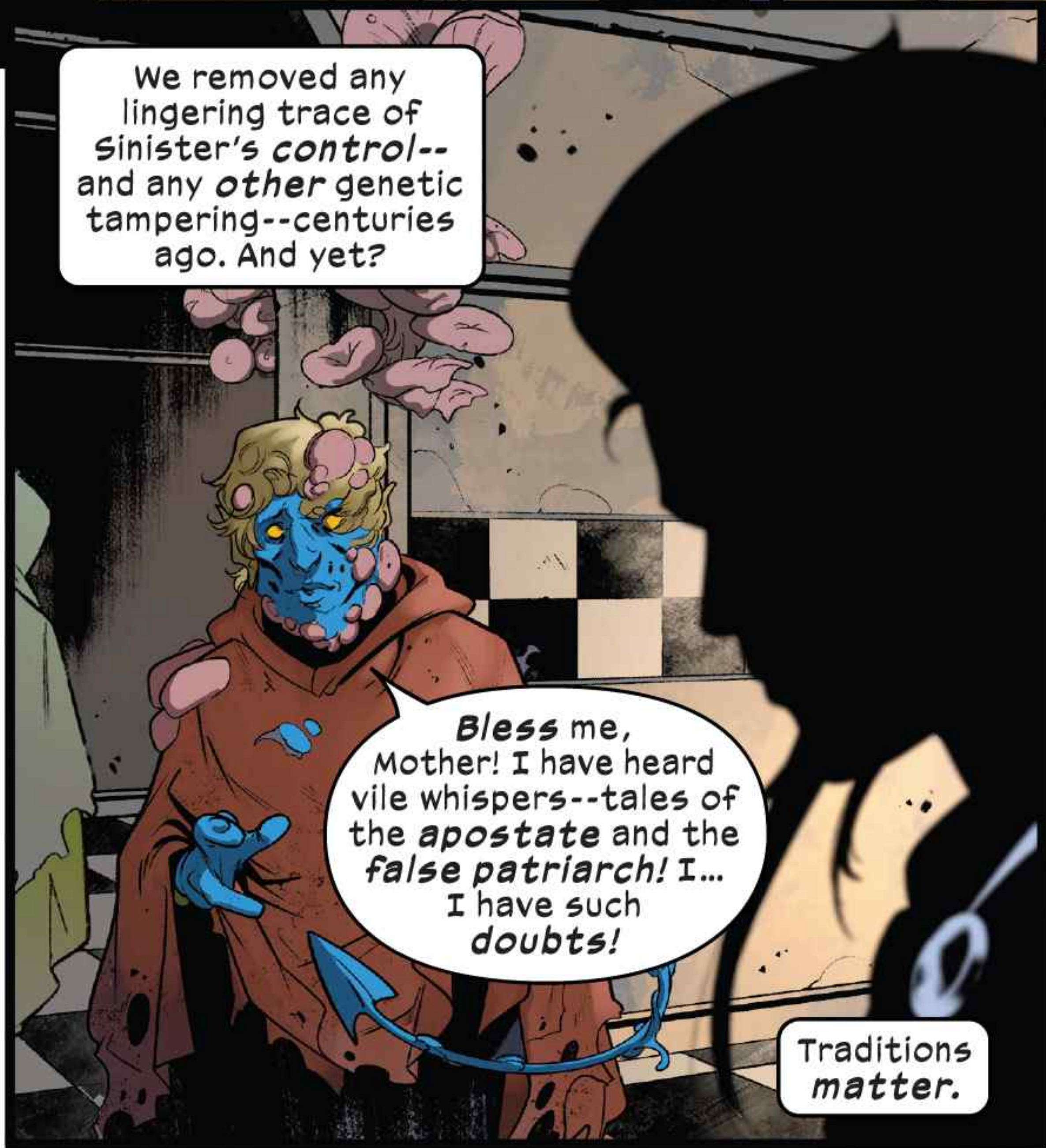
Fact *is*, the *sacred weapon* I've been building has been loaded and armed for ages.

And as for the *oil* to grease the trigger? well...



...we're up to the **fiftieth generation** by now.

Vat grown. Clumsily crossed. **Stupider**...more **trusting**...more **faithful** with every batch. Copies of copies of copies.



We removed any lingering trace of **Sinister's control**-- and any **other** genetic tampering--centuries ago. And yet?

Bless me, Mother! I have heard vile whispers--tales of the **apostate** and the **false patriarch!** I... I have such **doubts!**

Traditions **matter.**



Peace, child. The erosion of your **faith** is but another of **Sinister's tricks.** **Hurry--** find redemption with the **golden child.** Make the **last leap!**

Y-yes, Mother **Righteous!**

And **oh,** the **magic words--**



Th-thank you, Mother **Righteous!**

BAMF

Yeah, yeah. Thanks for giving us **purpose.** Thanks for spending an **eon** sendin' us off to **smash** our moronic inbred **brains--**



--against an **impervious force-field** at the edge of the **galaxy.**

Gah. A whole millennium **waiting** for the rest of this **rotten timeline** to get its **†@%&** together. A millennium hiding my **true intentions.**

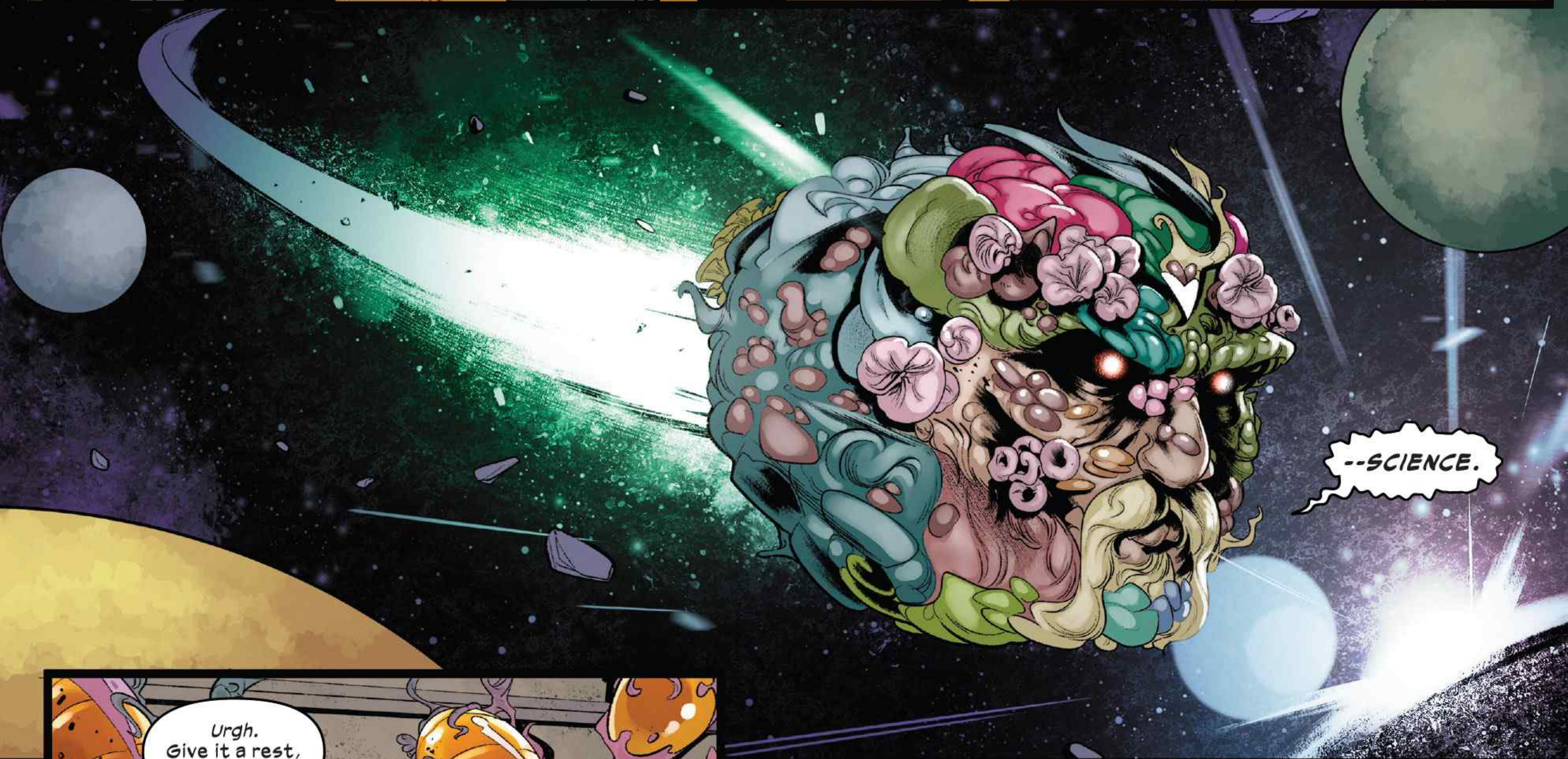


It's bloody 'ard work, being an *impatient saint*.

Mother? This is your *ship* speaking...

I have discerned *momentous events*...I have done so utilizing an *inconceivably brilliant intellect* and the most rigorous applications of--

--hrrr--



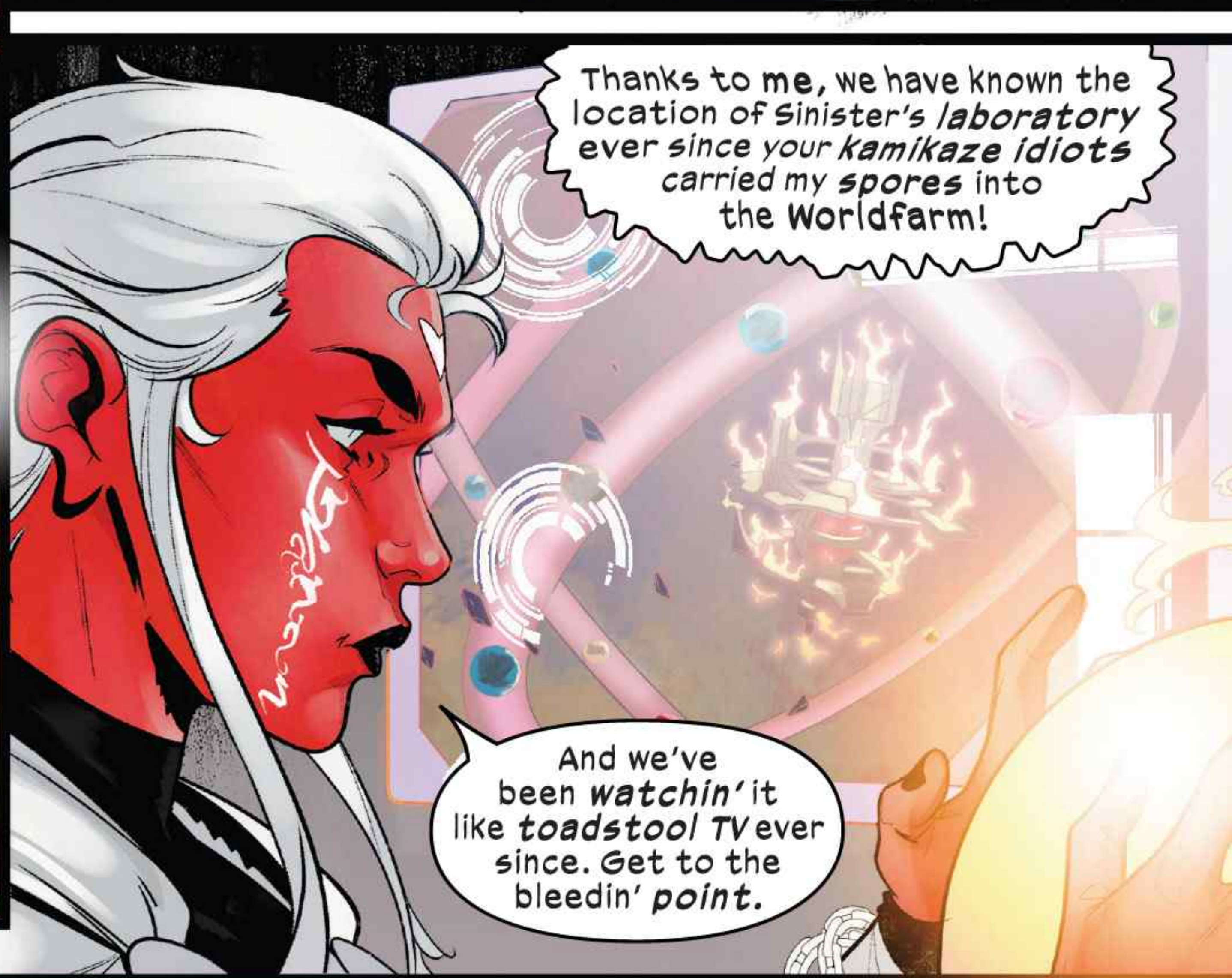
--SCIENCE.



Urgh. Give it a rest, Nemesis.

Nine 'undred years of cloning n' feedin' my grunts, an' you're *still* just a bloviatin' bag of rot clinging to my *ship*.

Madam, I am a *quantum marvel*! I am *superpositionally entangled* with every strand of my fungal matrix!



Thanks to me, we have known the location of Sinister's *laboratory* ever since your *kamikaze idiots* carried my *spores* into the Worldfarm!

And we've been *watchin'* it like *toadstool TV* ever since. Get to the *bleedin' point*.



He has arrived there.



Sinister...

The *Diamond Empress* snaps at his heels. The *Brotherhood* holds him captive. Laser beams and punching. Same old, same old.

I wonder...have you missed your chance? Will Sinister reach the laboratory before you can deploy your *unscientific* little payload?

No. I ain't missed @%&.

Sinister's *there*--but he can't get *inside* the hangar. Can't kill the clone. Can't reset this *mess* of a universe.

But you can?

Faith can. Now listen 'ere. You claim to be the most *brilliant* processor left in this reality--

By quite some way, actu--

--so *prove* it. Use every *spore*. Scan *every quanta*. Start from the current location of the *Worldfarm* and expand outward...

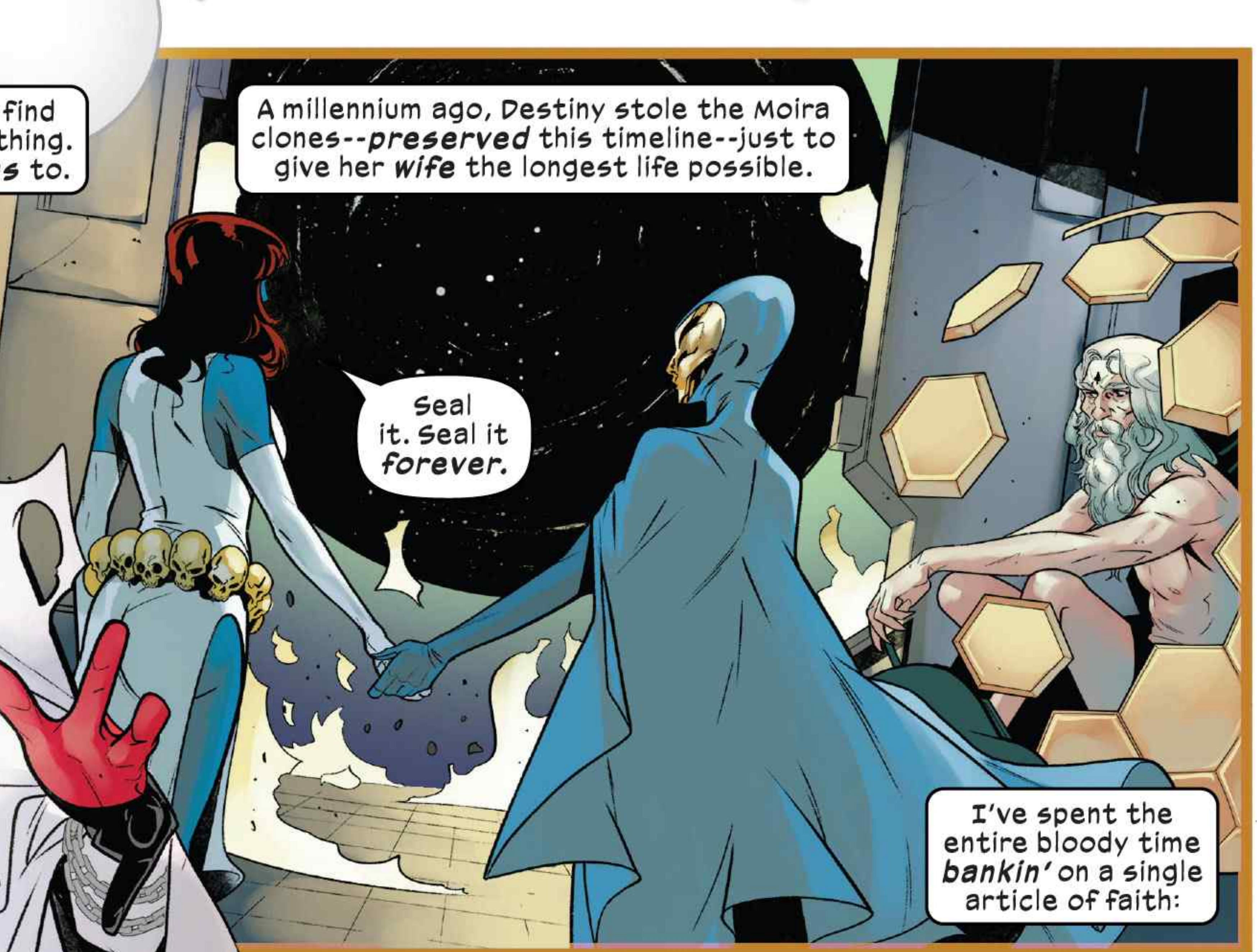


He'll find something. He *has* to.

A millennium ago, *Destiny* stole the *Moirra* clones--*preserved* this timeline--just to give her *wife* the longest life possible.

Seal it. Seal it *forever*.

I've spent the entire bloody time *bankin'* on a single article of faith:





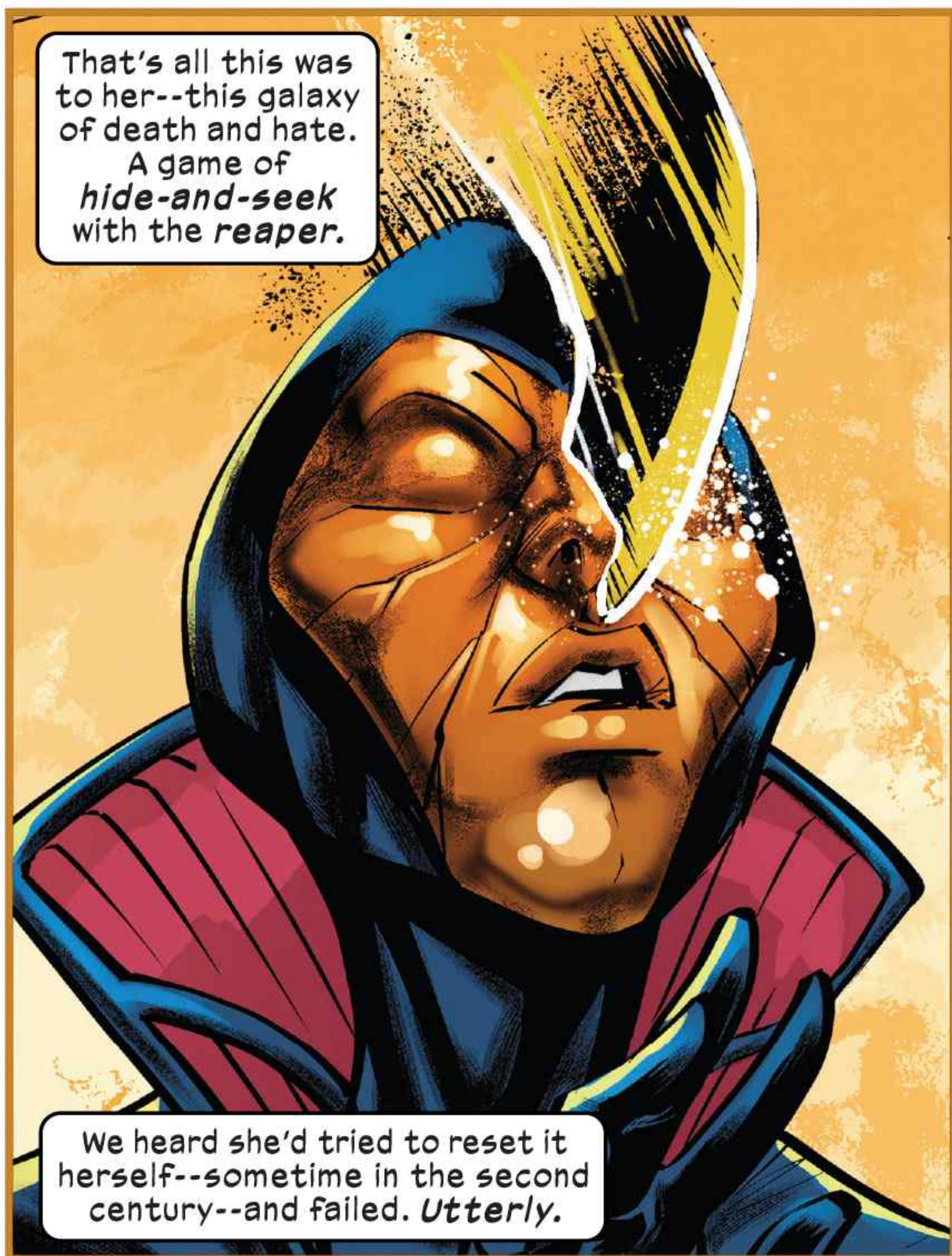
That people will do *anything* for love.

Put it like *that*? Of course Destiny foresaw a time when Mystique would *die*. And *then* what, eh?

What's the only way for the lovers to *reunite*?

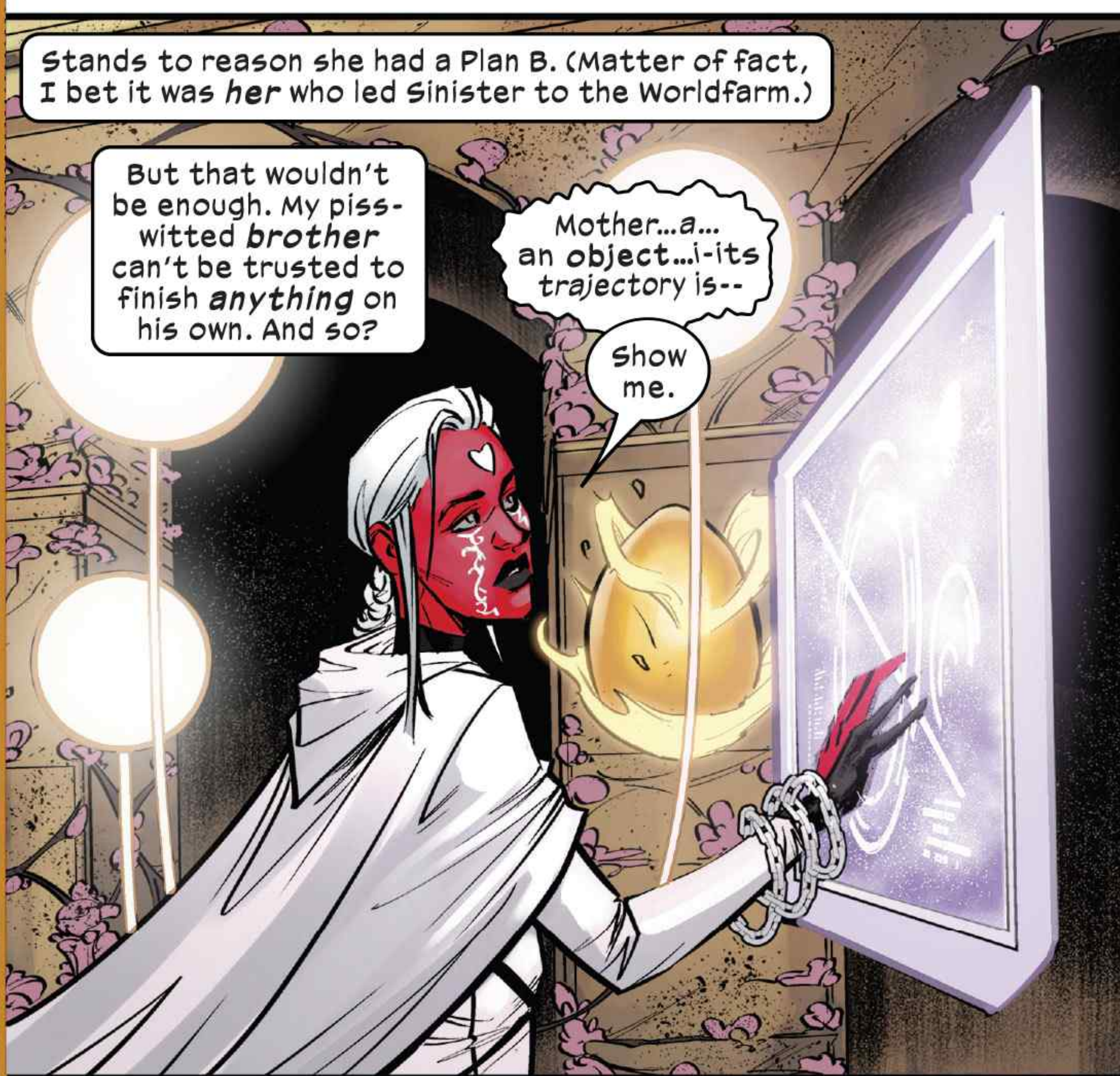


Why, to hit the very *reset* she'd spent so long averting.



That's all this was to her--this galaxy of death and hate. A game of *hide-and-seek* with the *reaper*.

We heard she'd tried to reset it herself--sometime in the second century--and failed. *Utterly*.



Stands to reason she had a Plan B. (Matter of fact, I bet it was *her* who led Sinister to the Worldfarm.)

But that wouldn't be enough. My piss-witted *brother* can't be trusted to finish *anything* on his own. And so?

Mother...a... an object...i-its trajectory is--

Show me.



Oh, *Irene*. You *clever* cow.

Signal *Vox Ignis*. Send him the coordinates. And...

...sound the *trumpets*.

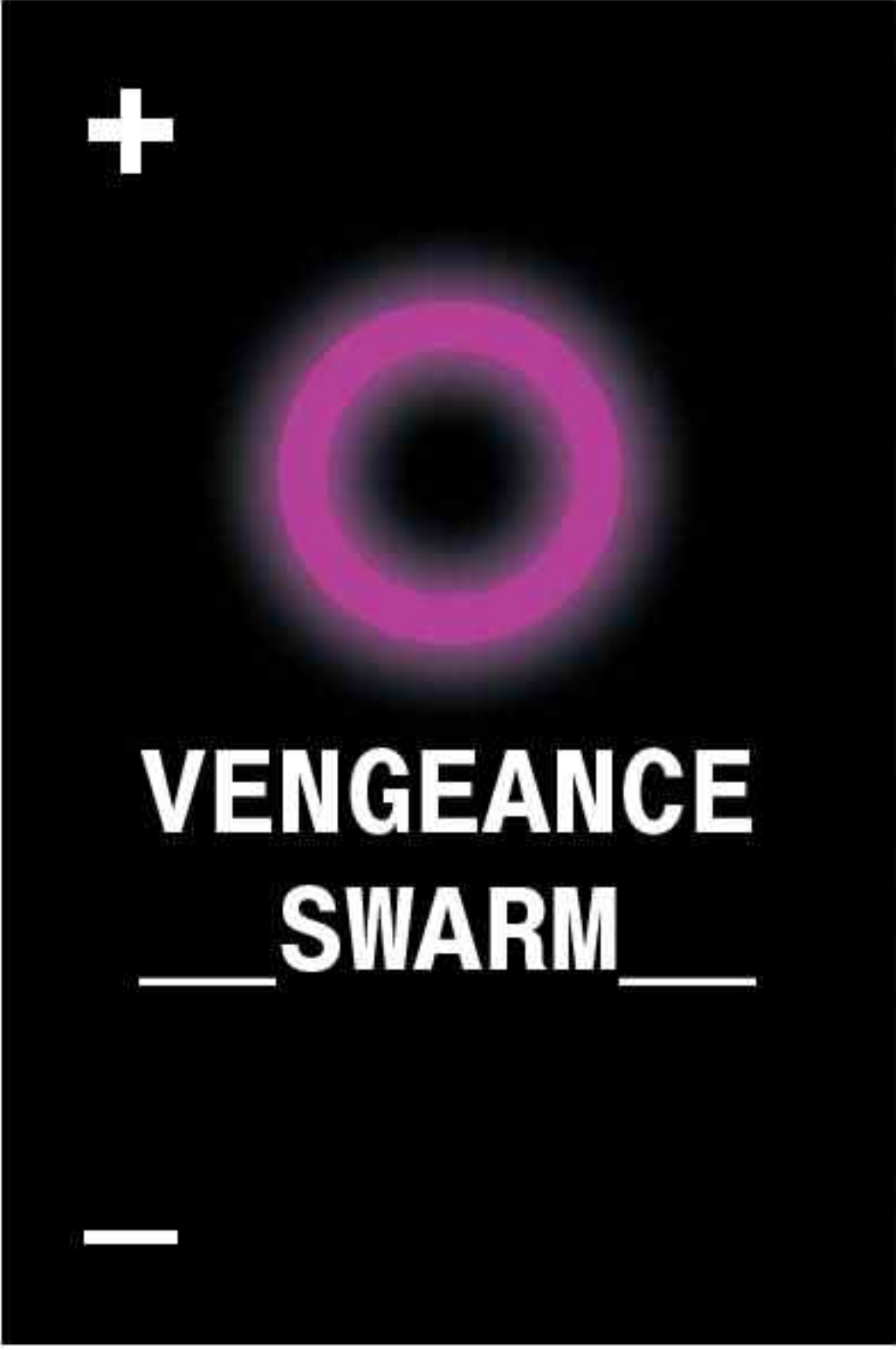
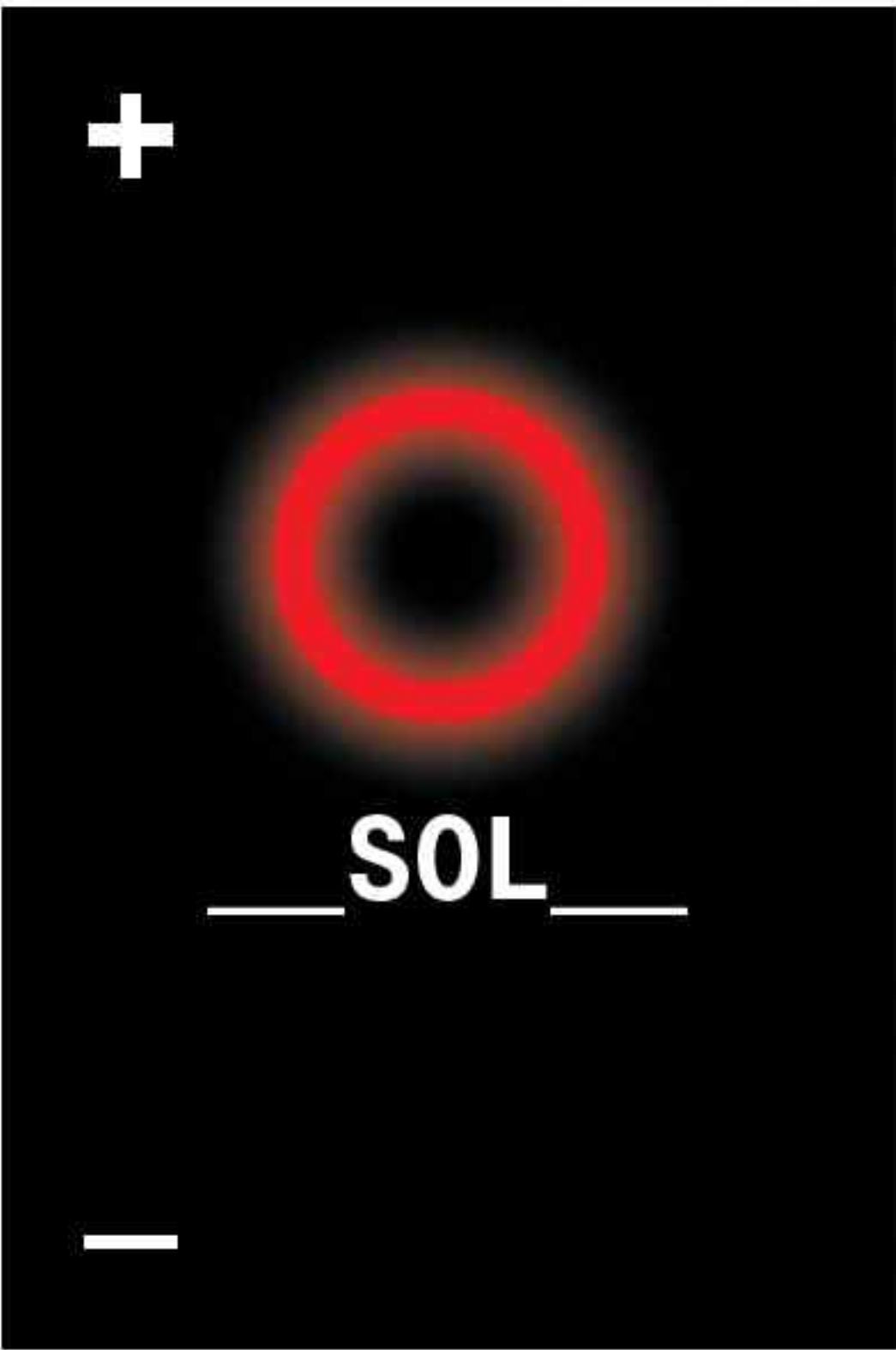
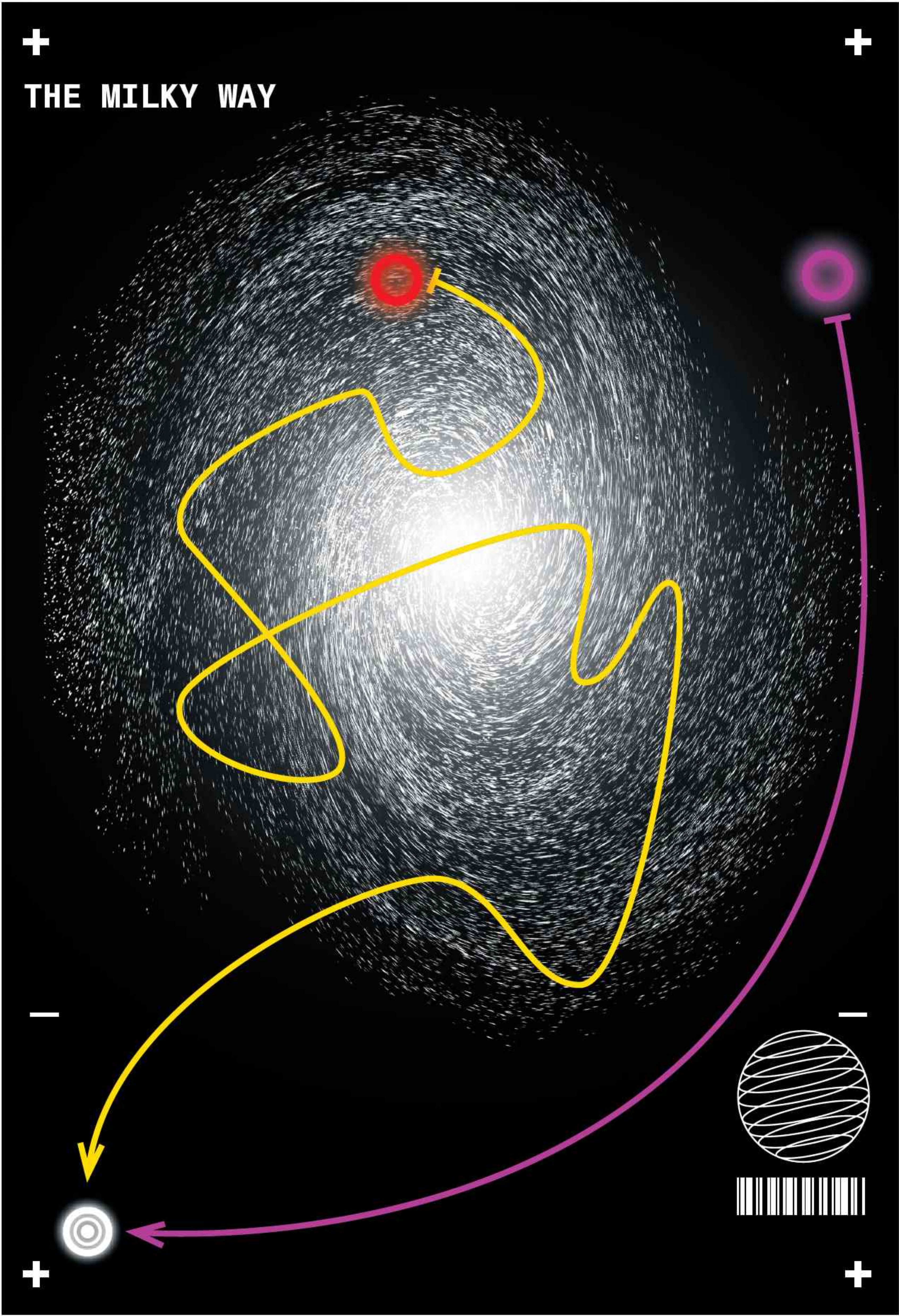


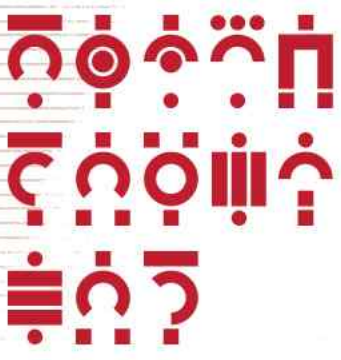
Let the *rapture* begin.



CONTINGENCY PLANS

Destiny Knew





COUNTING
BODIES LIKE
SHEEP

One thousand years have passed since Mister Sinister gained control of the universe through widespread genetic experimentation and manipulation -- machinations that have since escaped his control following the theft of his Moira MacTaggart clones by Storm and her Brotherhood of mutants.

The Moira MacTaggart clones hold the key to resetting the timeline -- but Sinister isn't the only person trying to recover them. Through thousands of years of infighting, Sinisterized versions of the Quiet Council who have been fighting for control of the universe have learned of the existence of these clones. Elsewhere in the universe, Mother Righteous has allied herself with the Nightkin -- Sinister's specialized assassins created from combining Nightcrawler's DNA with other high-powered individuals -- taking advantage of their fervent belief in the Spark and their innate resistance to Sinister's behavioral programming.

But, as Wagnerine, former leader of the Nightkin, discovered, Mother Righteous does not have their best interests at heart. The only question is -- is there anything she can do to stop Mother Righteous' plans, or is the universe already doomed?



[MOTHER
RIGHTEOUS]



[AUNTIE
FORTUNE]



[VOX IGNIS]



[WAGNERINE]

SINS OF
SINISTER

YEAR 1000

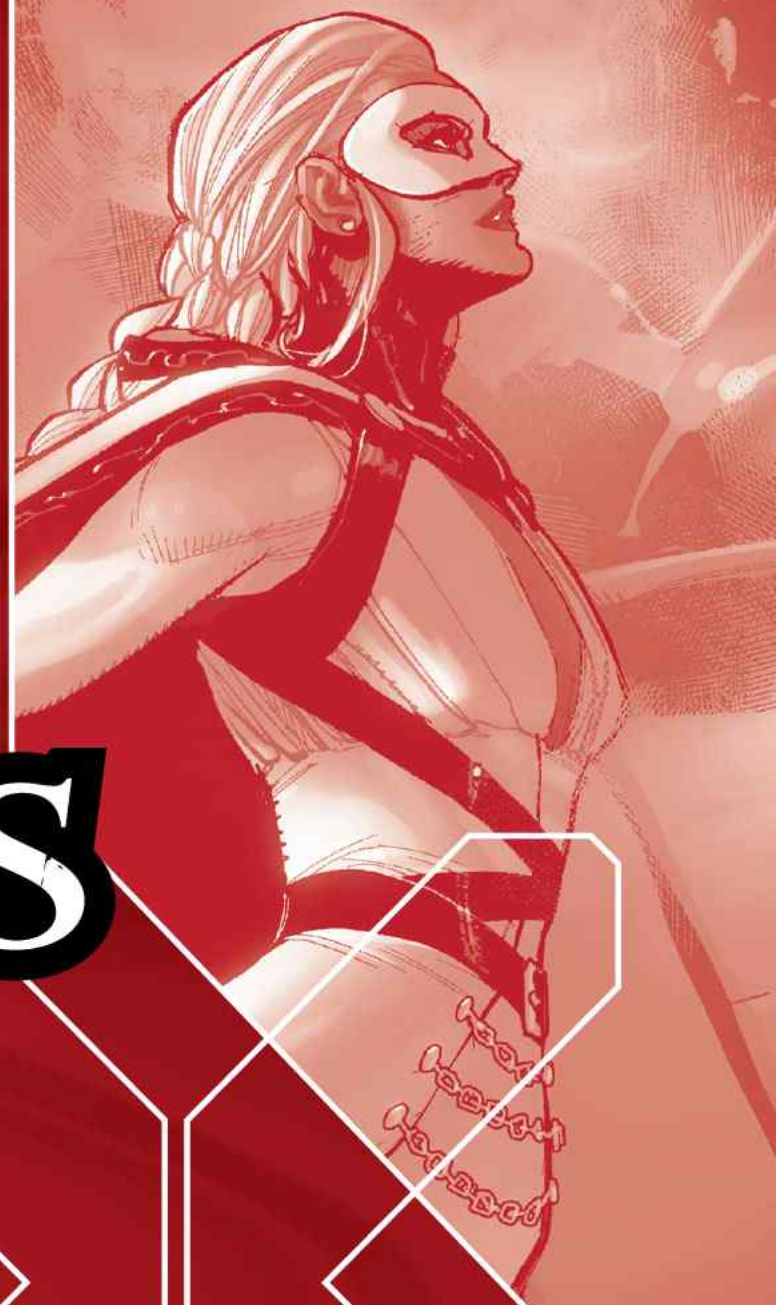
NIGHTCRAWLERS

PART 10:
"THE SACRED
HEART"

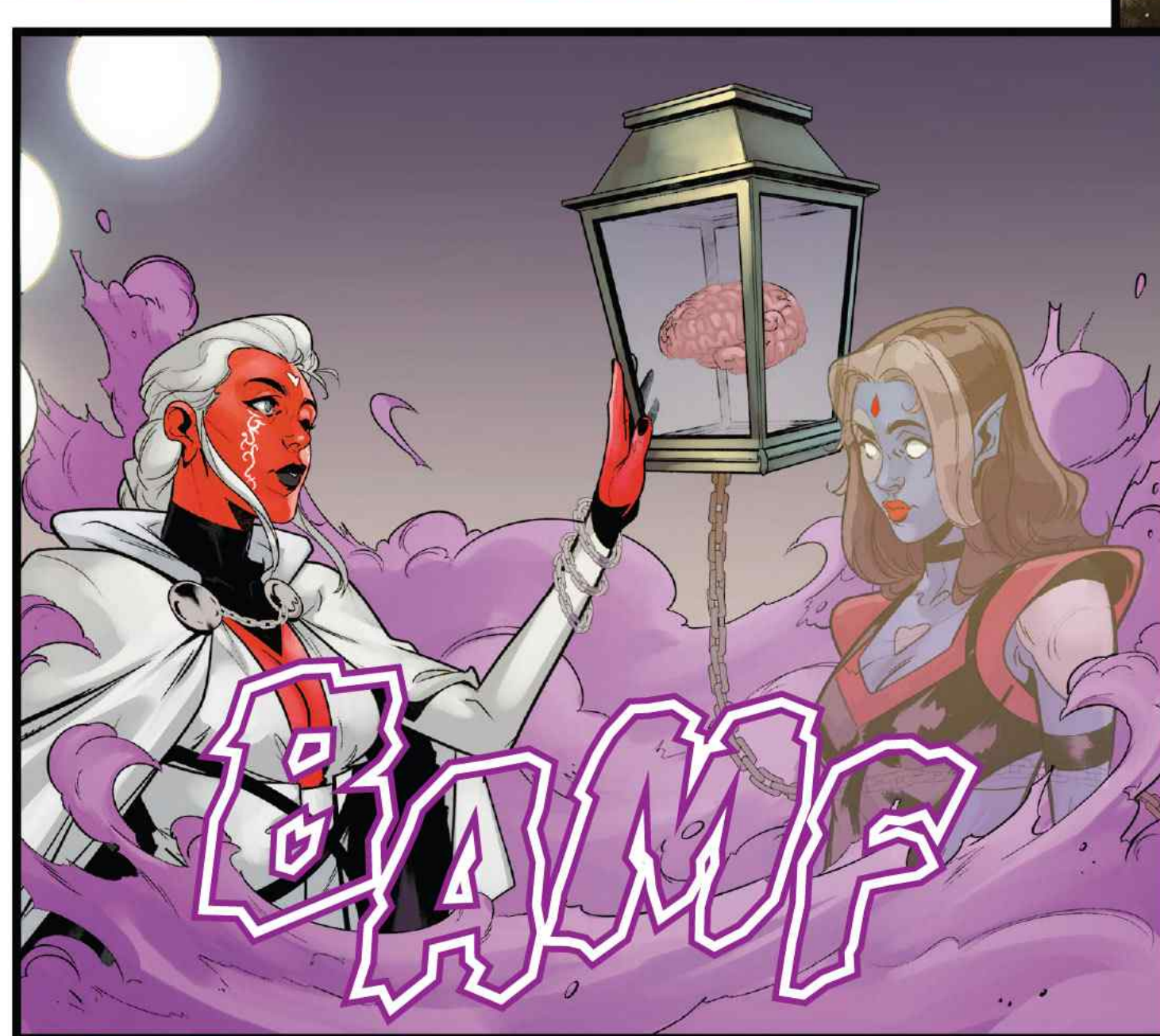
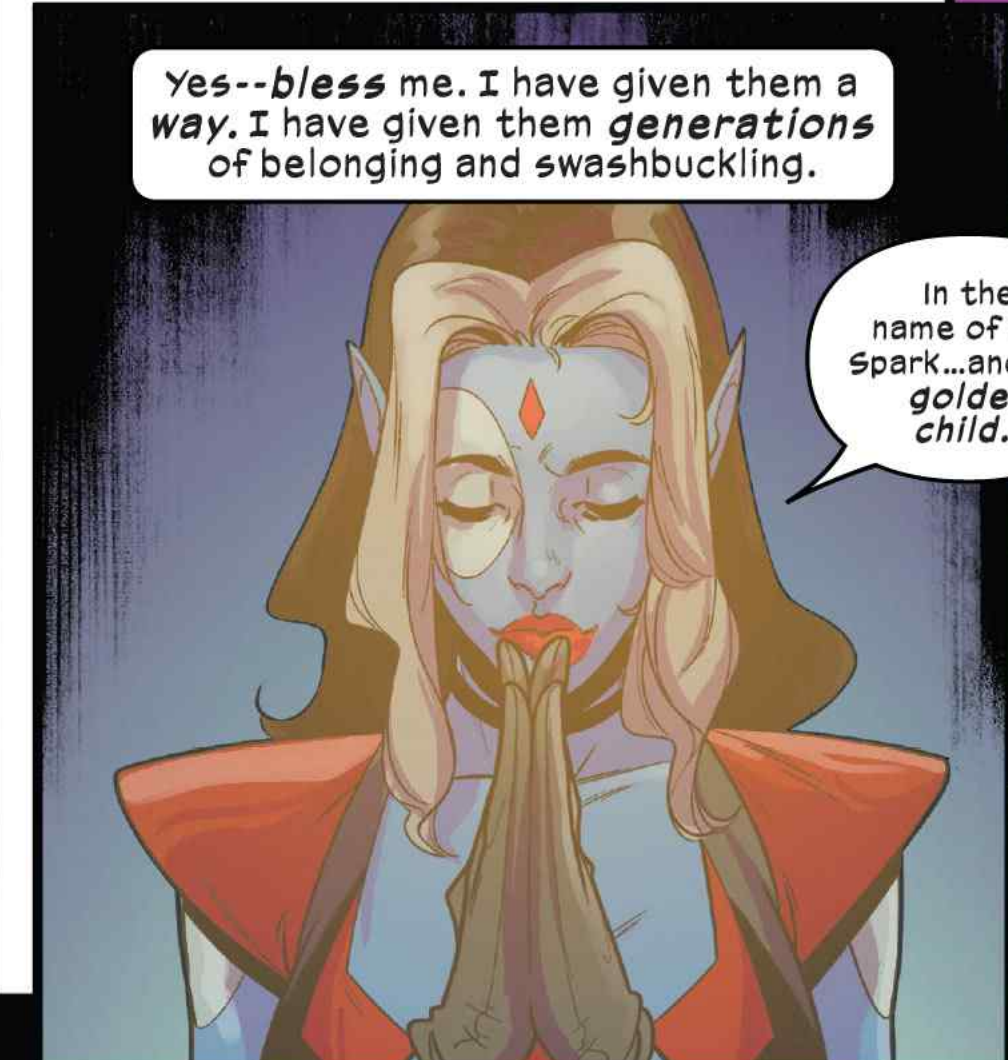
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It's
all under
control.

Mother! I
found them! They
who fled Earth at
the rise of the *Sinister
Strain*! All the Spirits
of Vengeance--a
hive of hatred!

Mmhm. I
do have *eyes*,
love.

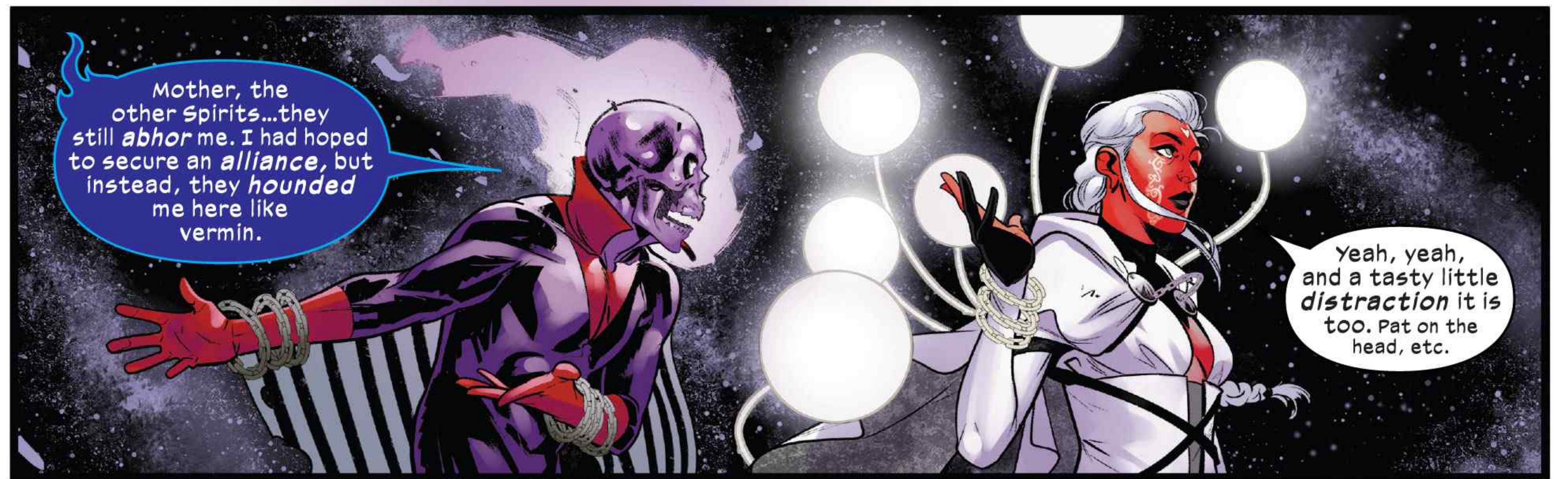




They--they have infested the Great Devourer!

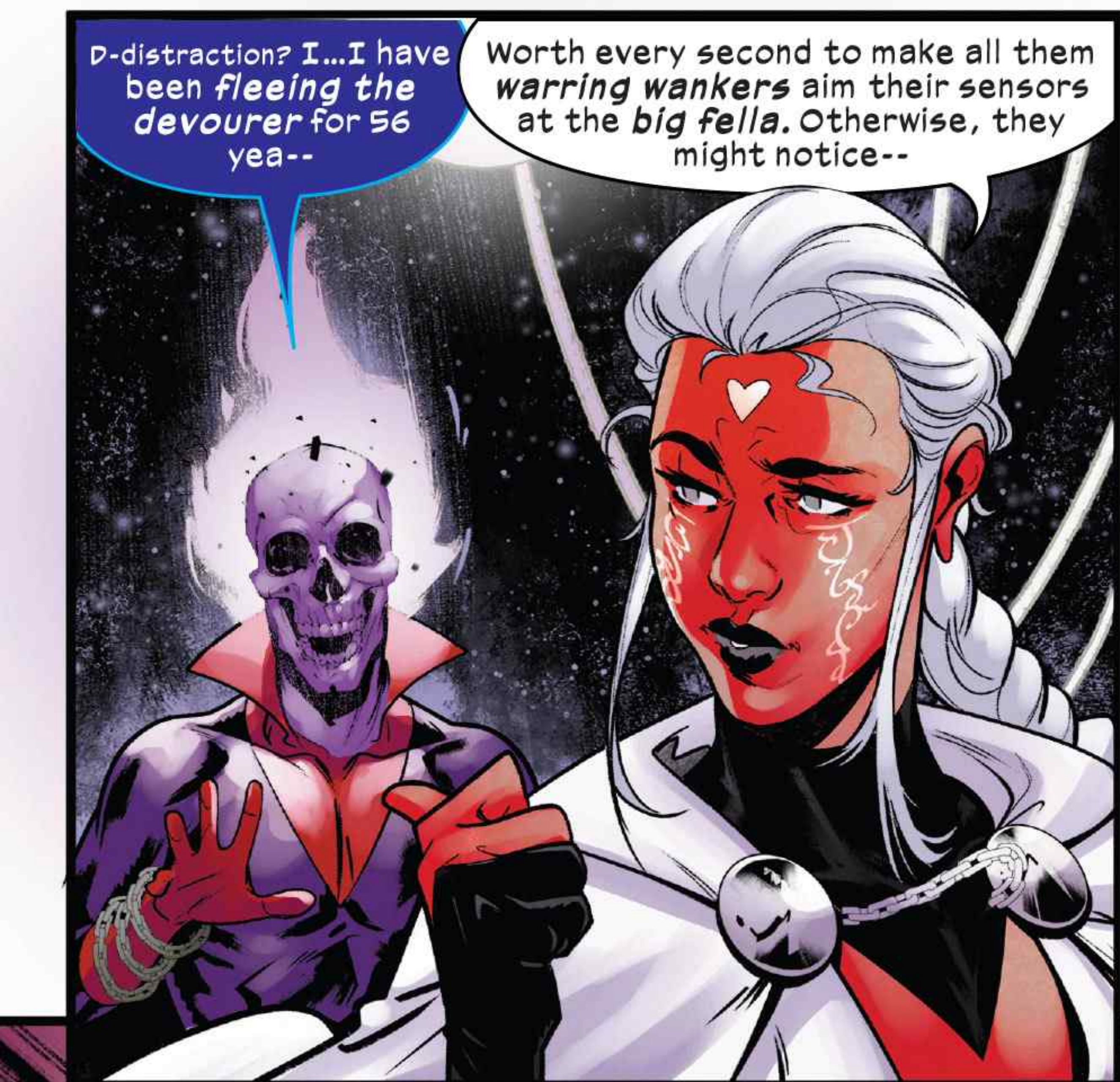
So *incandescent* was his hunger for *revenge* upon those who *poisoned* this reality that he became the perfect *host* f--

I said I can *see*, fool. Now *pipe down*... we're *waitin'* for somethin'.



Mother, the other *Spirits*...they still *abhor* me. I had hoped to secure an *alliance*, but instead, they *hounded* me here like vermin.

Yeah, yeah, and a tasty little *distraction* it is too. Pat on the head, etc.



D-distraction? I...I have been *fleeing* the *devourer* for 56 yea--

Worth every second to make all them *warring wankers* aim their sensors at the *big fella*. Otherwise, they might notice--



--ah. 'Ere he comes.

A thousand years ago, the Sinisters shot an *unstoppable object* right through the brain of a *Titan*.

They didn't stop to wonder where it'd go next--but *Destiny* did. *Destiny knew*.



A millennium of gravity wells...slingshots... *infinitesimal* changes, of course.

Building speed...bending *light* n' *time*...*screamin'* in the silence of the vacuum. Unable to die...unable to stop...*madder* than a box of otters.

While *she* tweaked the path of the Worldfarm--setting up a cosmic *trick shot*--an *impossible conjunction*...



Enter the
Juggernaut.

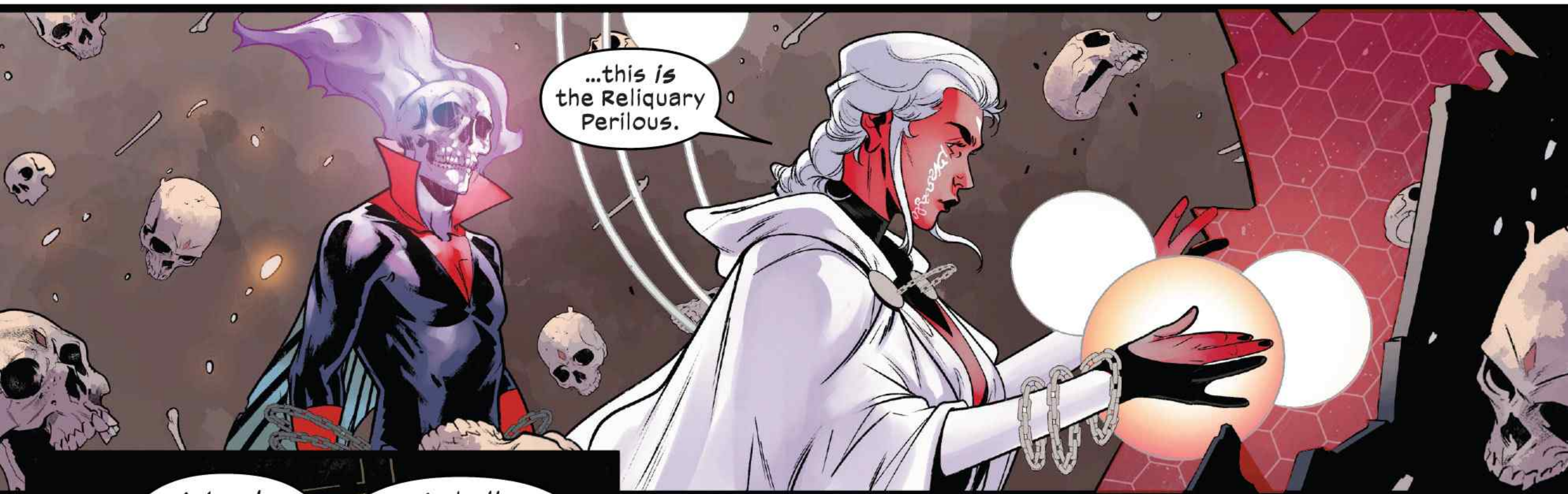
Exit the
Juggernaut.



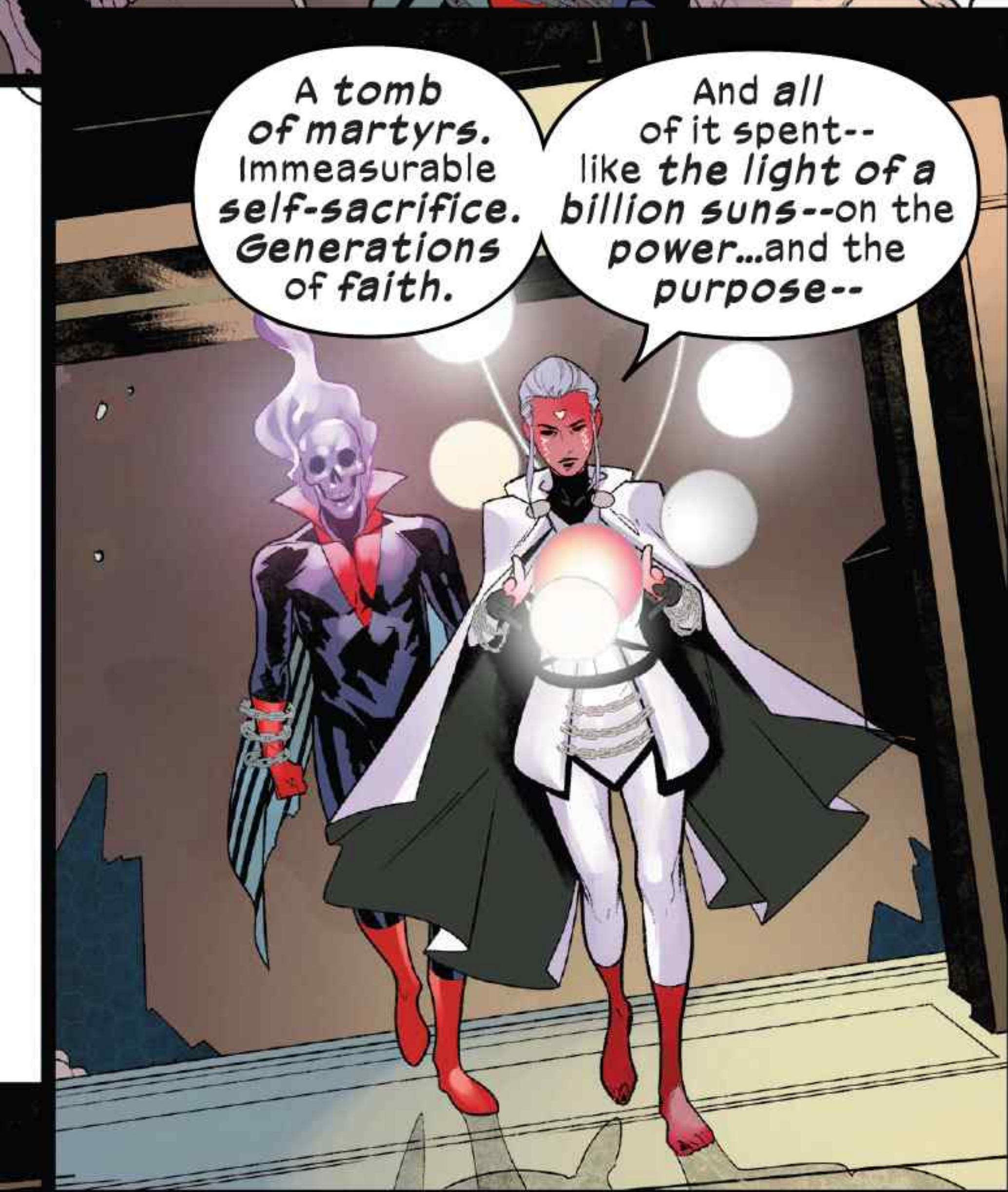


Mother...all this death...all this horror...does the *Reliquary Perilous* truly warrant it?

Heh. Ohhh, my poor, slow-witted boys...

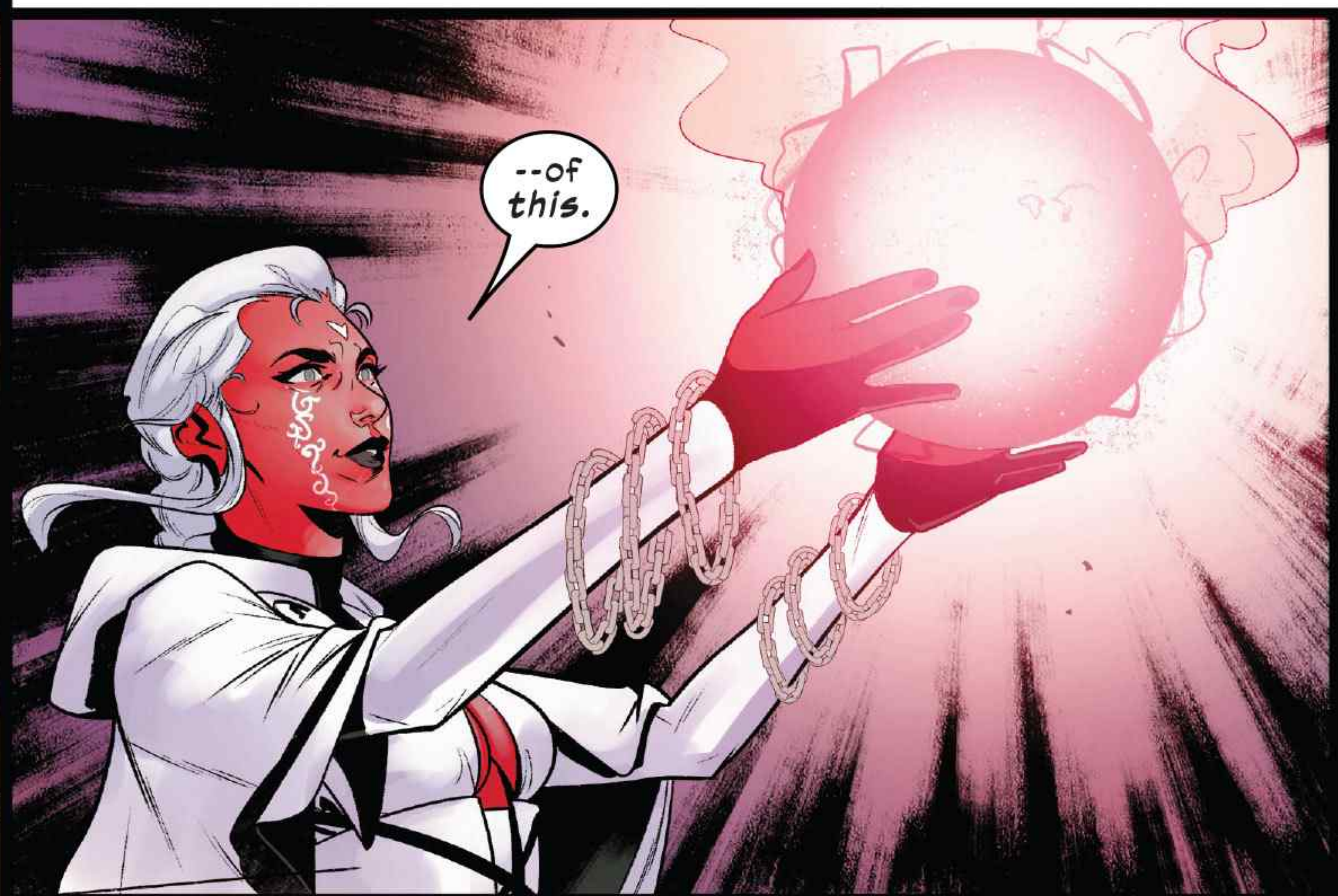


...this *is* the Reliquary Perilous.



A tomb of martyrs. Immeasurable self-sacrifice. Generations of faith.

And all of it spent-- like the light of a billion suns--on the power...and the purpose--



--of this.

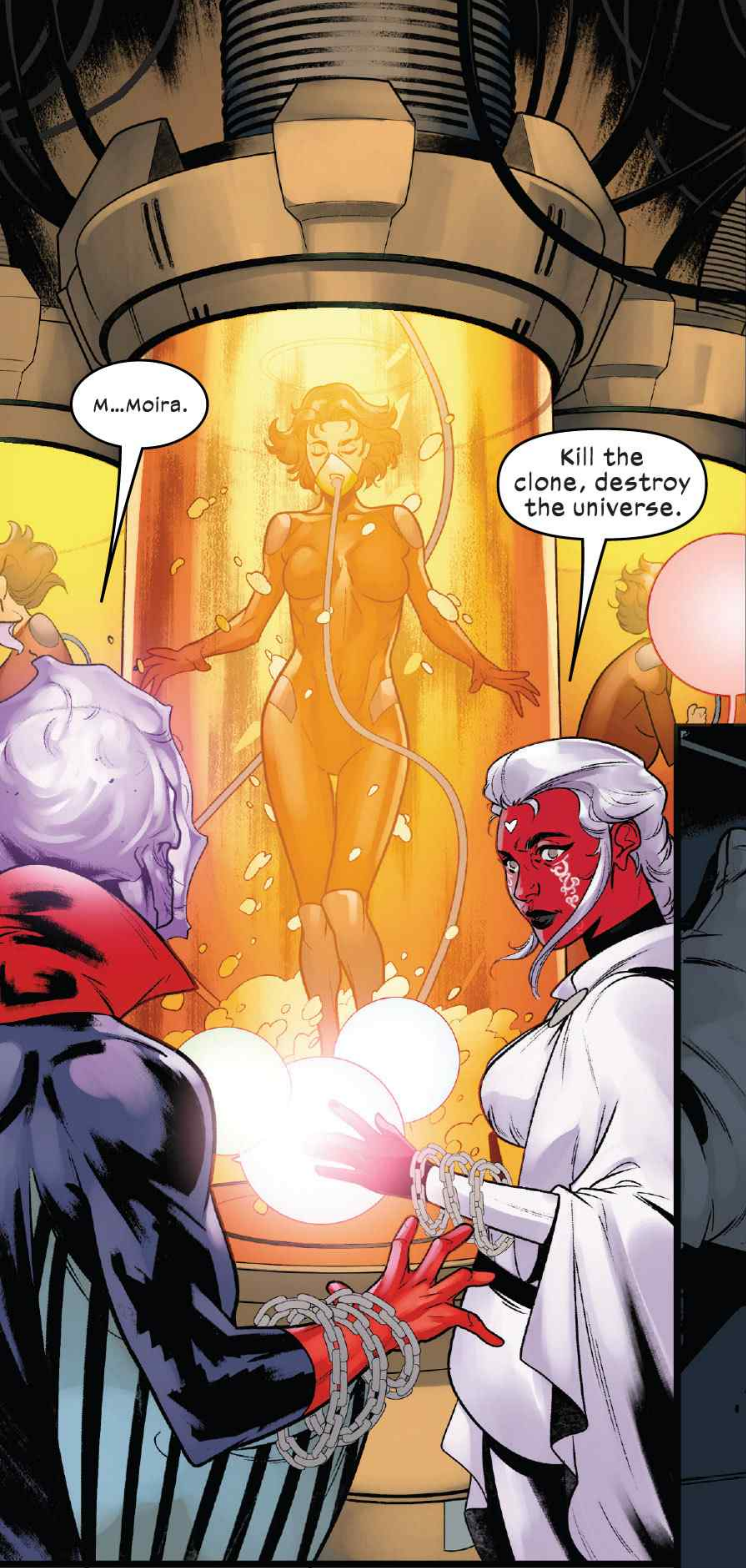


The weapon... the holy purge that will *cleanse* the Sinister Strain from the gala--

Thhhbbpt. Don't be simple. If *that* was the goal, we wouldn't 'ave to lift a bloody finger.

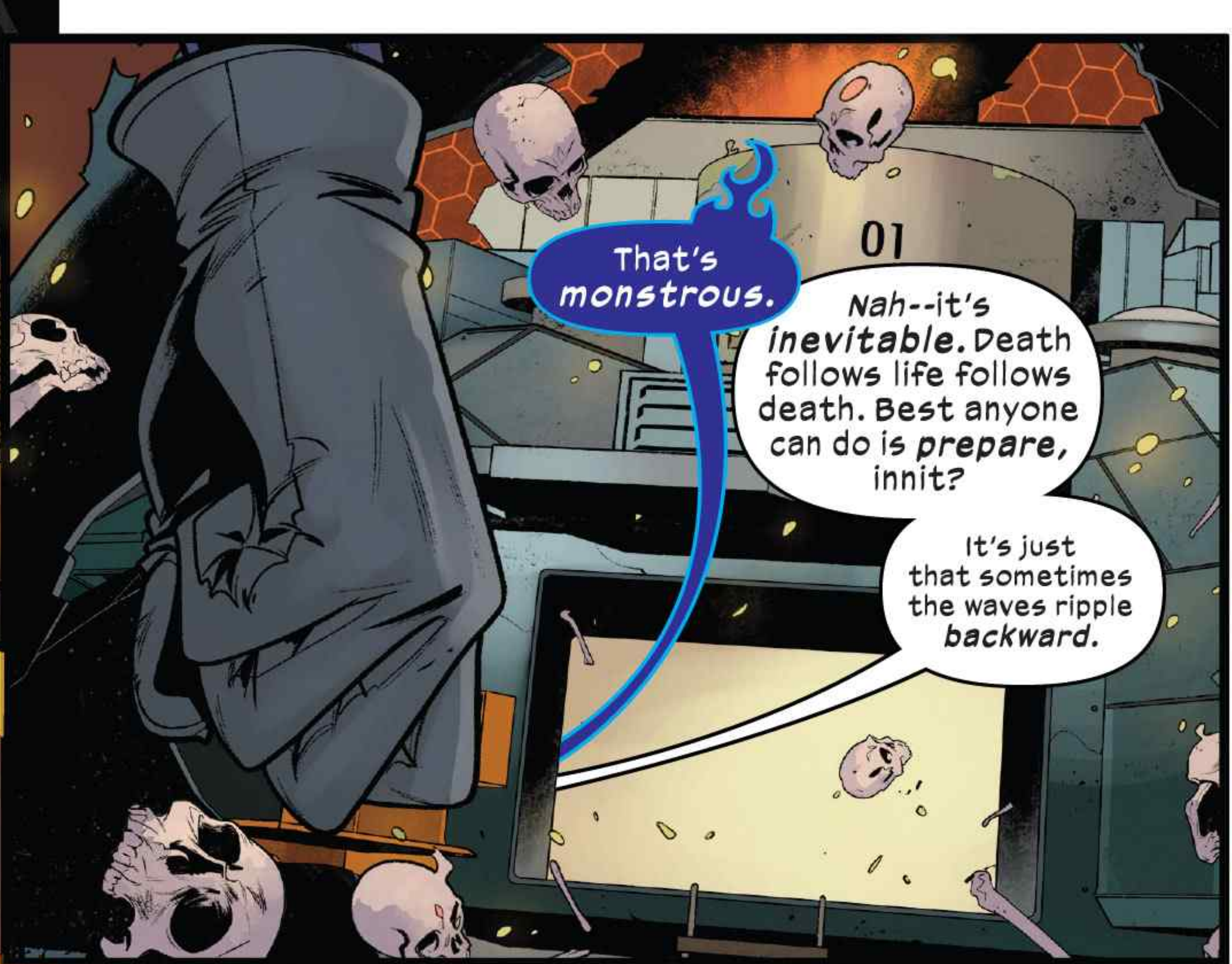
Sooner or later, all the chaos from *outside*'ll reach in 'ere--deliberate or otherwise--

--and destroy that.



M...Moir.

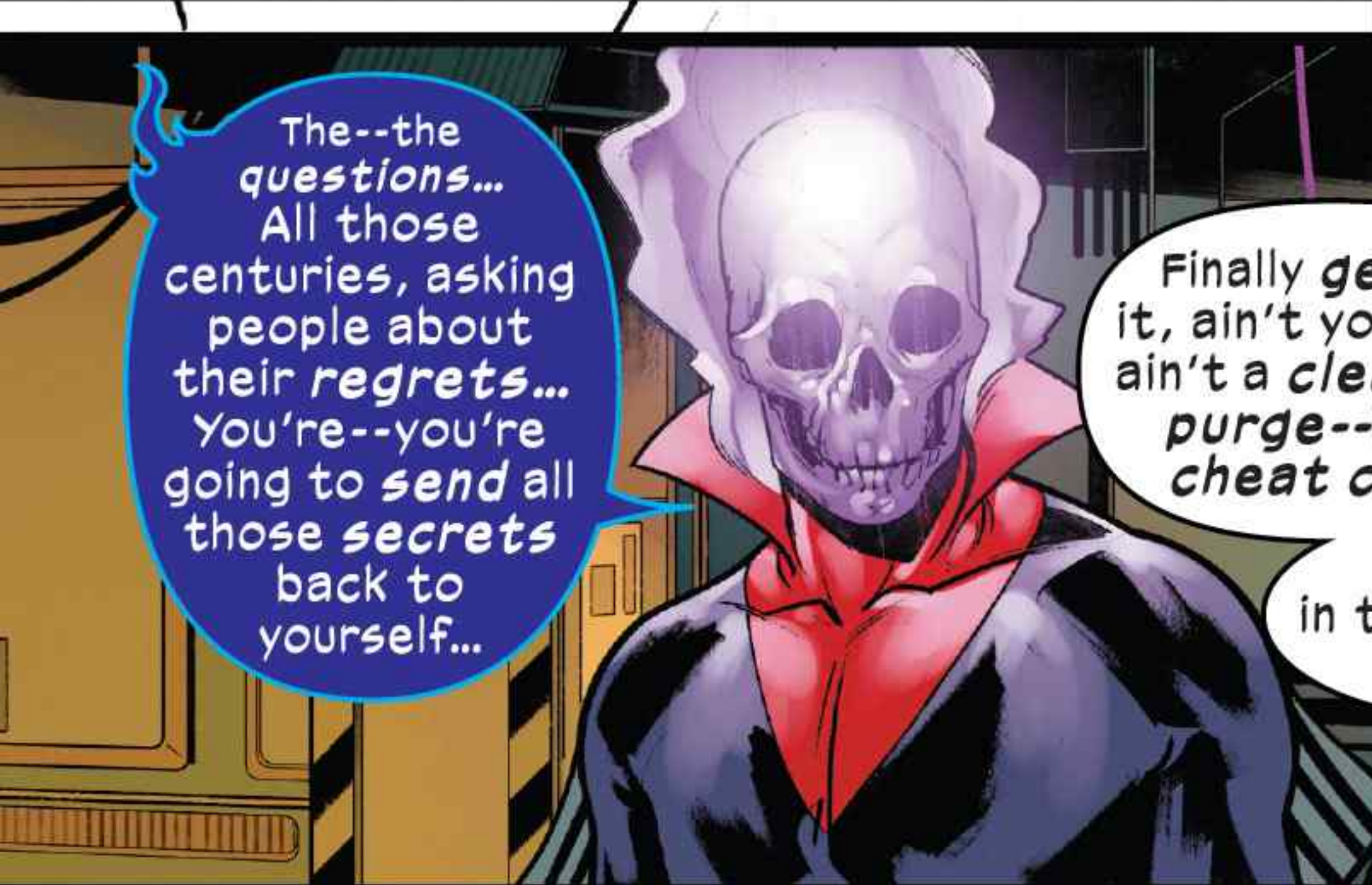
Kill the clone, destroy the universe.



That's monstrous.

Nah--it's inevitable. Death follows life follows death. Best anyone can do is *prepare*, innit?

It's just that sometimes the waves ripple backward.



The--the questions... All those centuries, asking people about their *regrets*... You're--you're going to *send* all those *secrets* back to yourself...

Finally *gettin'* it, ain't you? This ain't a *cleansing purge*--it's a *cheat code*.

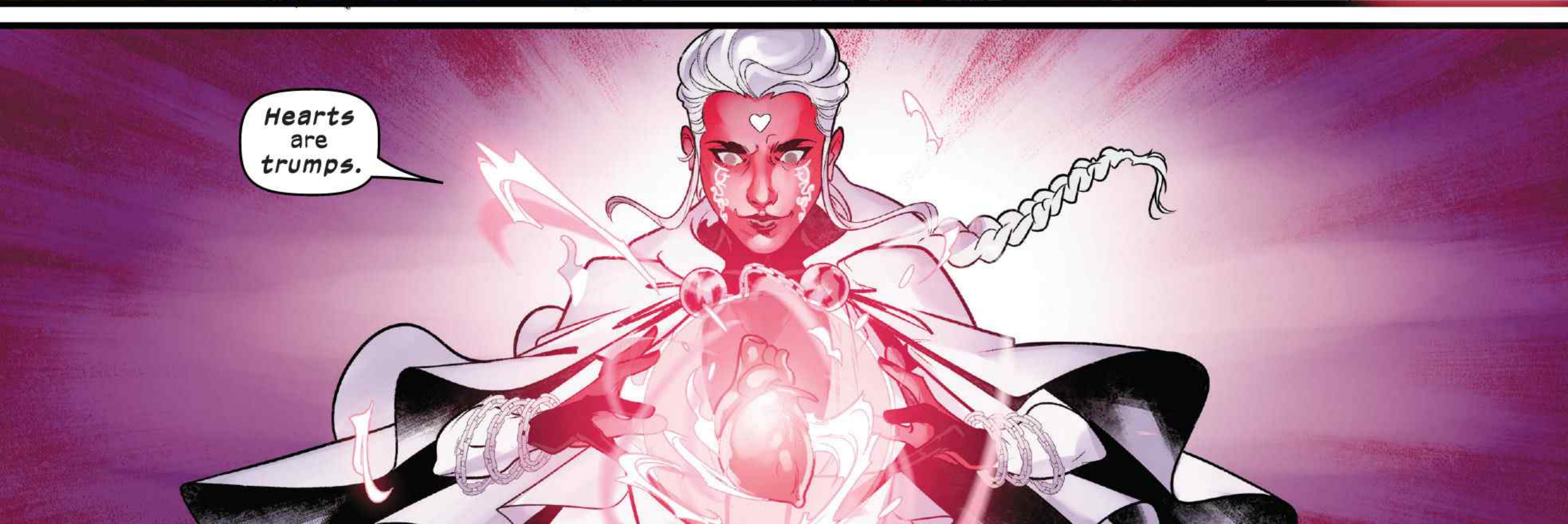
So that in the *next* go-'round?



'Ere--look. A sword forged in hope...a villain's notion of *perfection*...an egg of extinction...

The most powerful artifacts of *will n' spirit*, fused into a *holy virus*, to infect its way *backward* and *rewrite* it all.

It was never *about* endin' the story, Vox. It's about changing the *start*.



Hearts are trumps.



THE ACE OF HEARTS

Magic Virus



The raw power of countless sorcerous artifacts, merged and retooled as a temporal contagion.

Once deployed, the virus aggressively clings to any relativistic or chronological alterations to the present universe, infecting its way backward along the dying timeline toward the source-moment. It carries with it whatever power, information or magical actions the conjurer has encoded into its divine matter; executing these functions at the moment of arrival.

In effect: a message in a bottle, sent back from an erased timeline.

Or -- depending on who made it and what they put in the bottle -- a bomb.



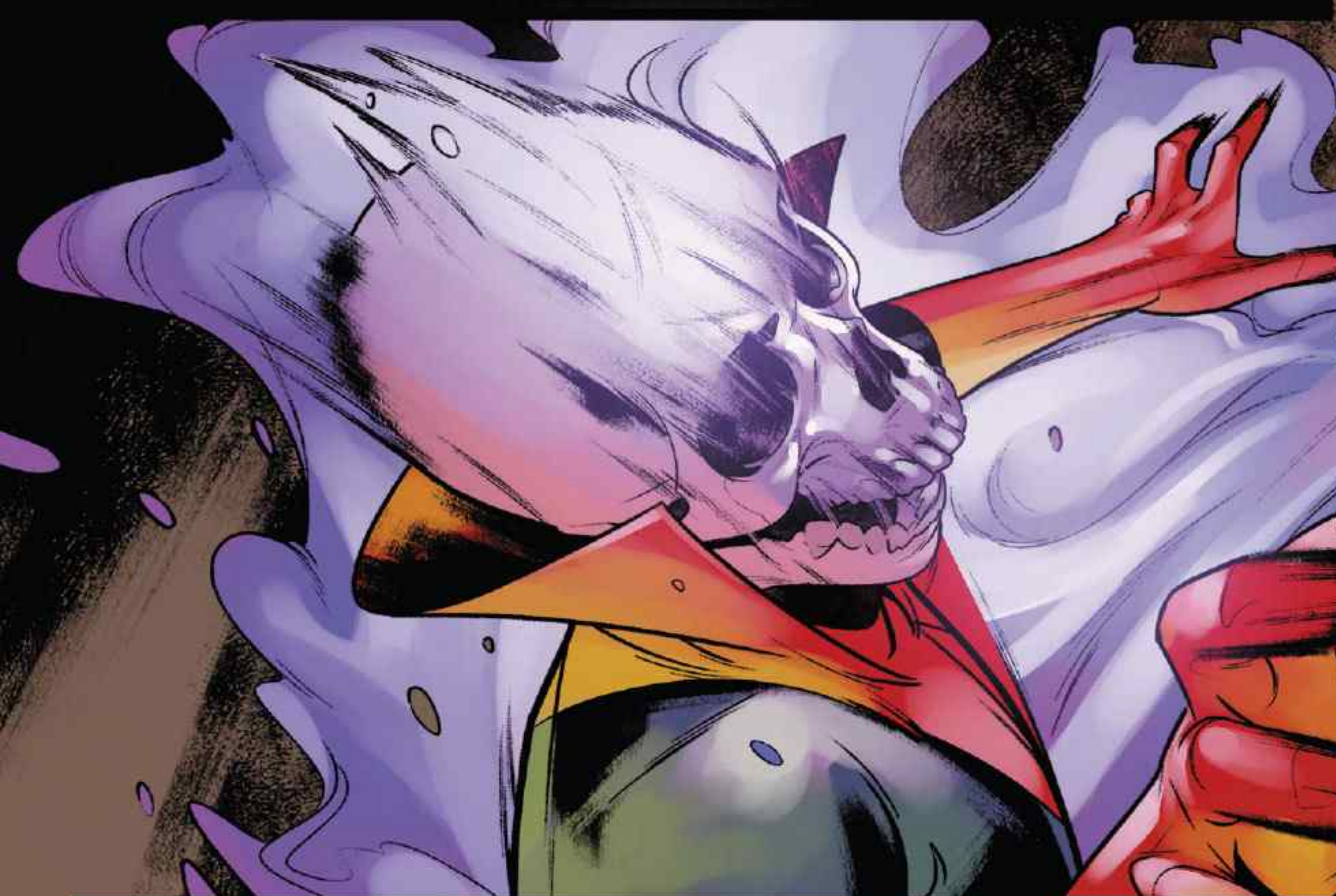
A galaxy of souls...a thousand years of stories...erased in an instant.

They *lived*, Mother. *Nothing* can undo that! W-we *all* lived...

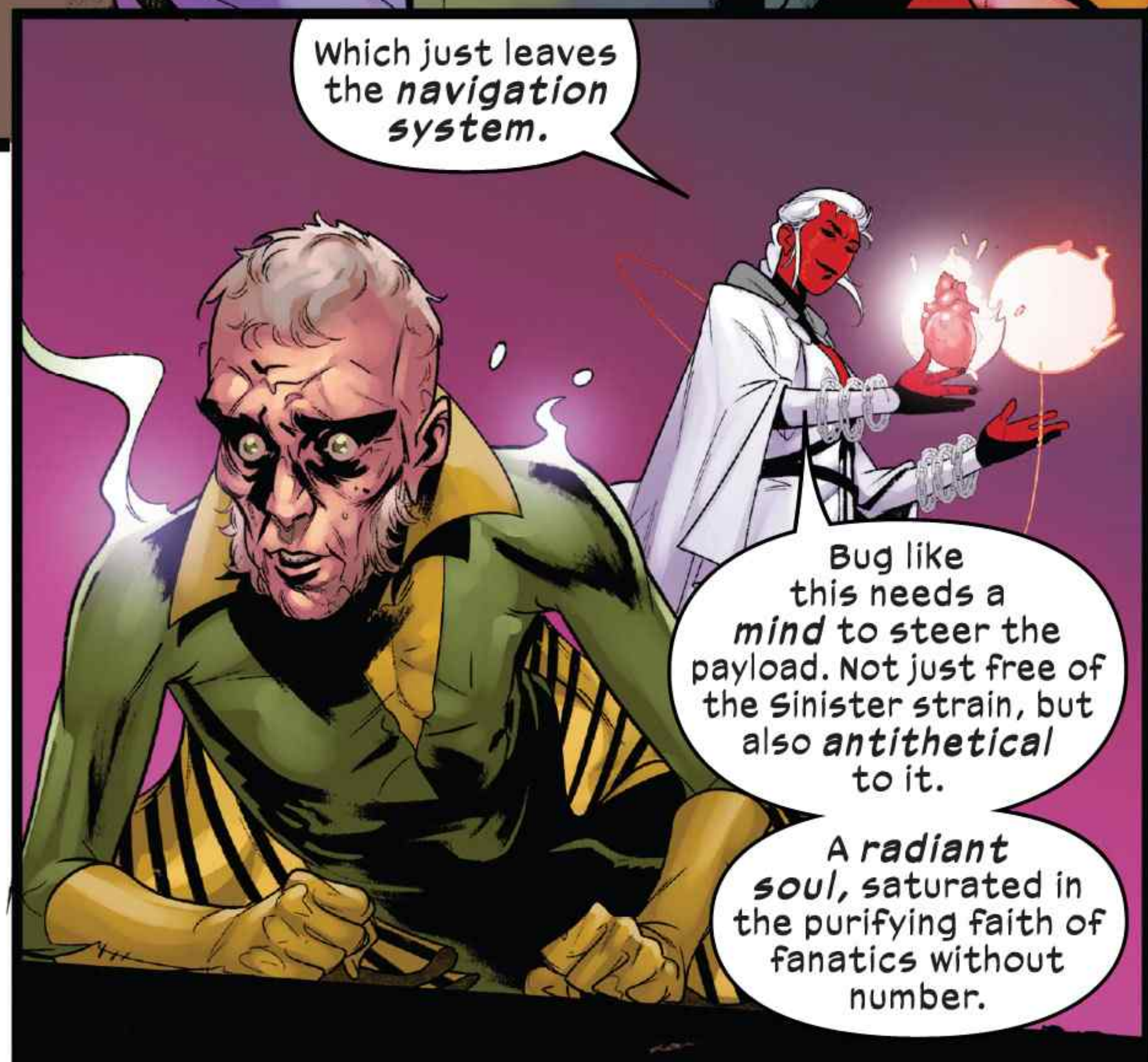
Eh. You *served*. It's not the same at all.

And you can serve still. Take *comfort*, Banshee. All I gotta do is *touch the heart* to the clone--then *kill* it--

--and you *too* can go back to the start. This 'ere *spell* has a looooong journey ahead, see?



It'll need a *snack* for the road.



Which just leaves the *navigation system*.

Bug like this needs a *mind* to steer the payload. Not just free of the Sinister strain, but also *antithetical* to it.

A *radiant soul*, saturated in the purifying faith of fanatics without number.



Time to shine, kiddo.

No...no, please...

'Course, she'll burn to *astral dust* in a haze of screaming agony, but--eh.

Better her than me.

BAMF

Mother?





Get the \$%&@--

--away--

--from my

baby.

SLIIISH



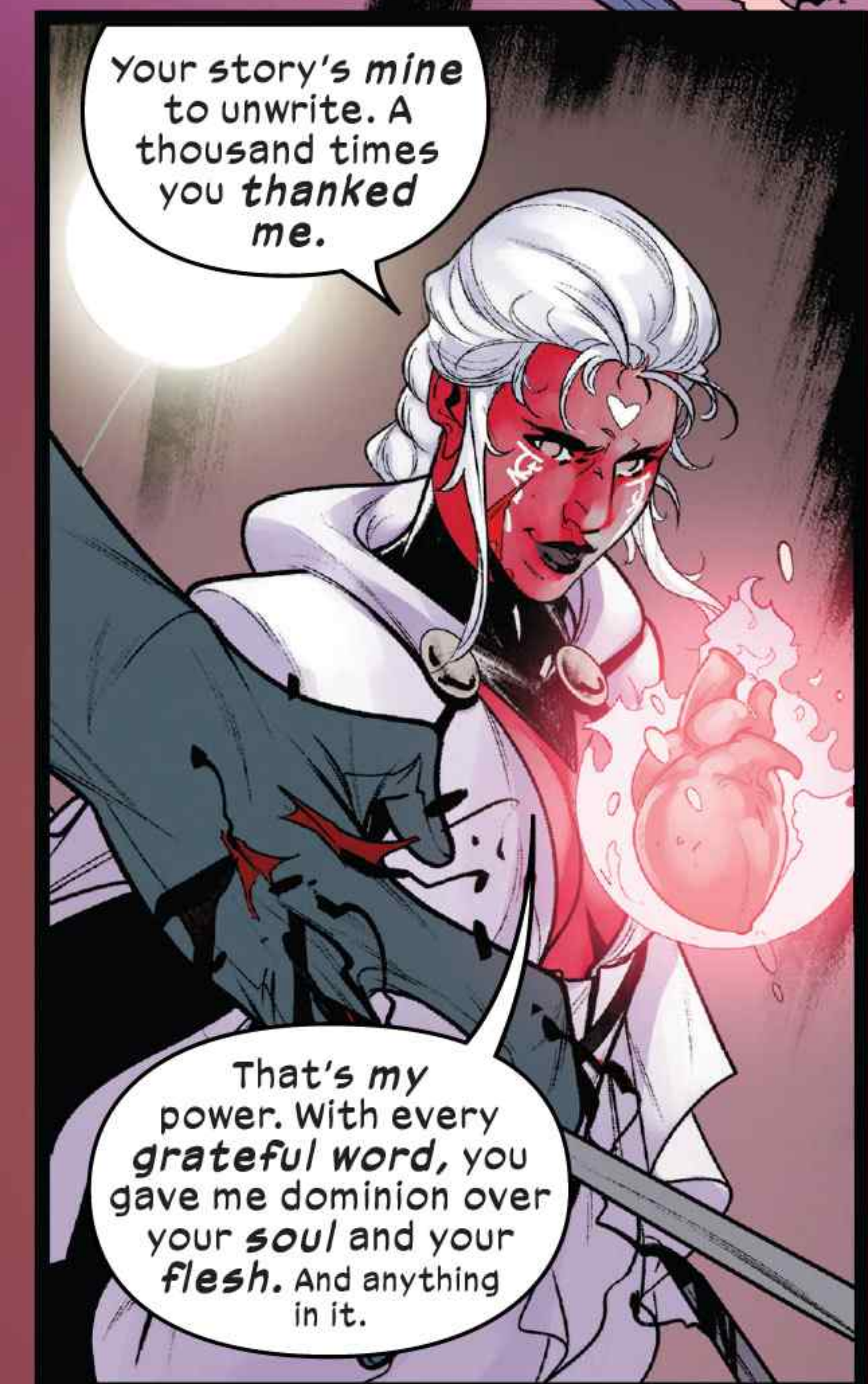
Hnk...

The apostate.

I thought you musta croaked long ago. Impressive *patience*, love... waitin' all this time...



...only to *fail* at the last moment.



Your story's mine to *unwrite*. A thousand times you *thanked* me.

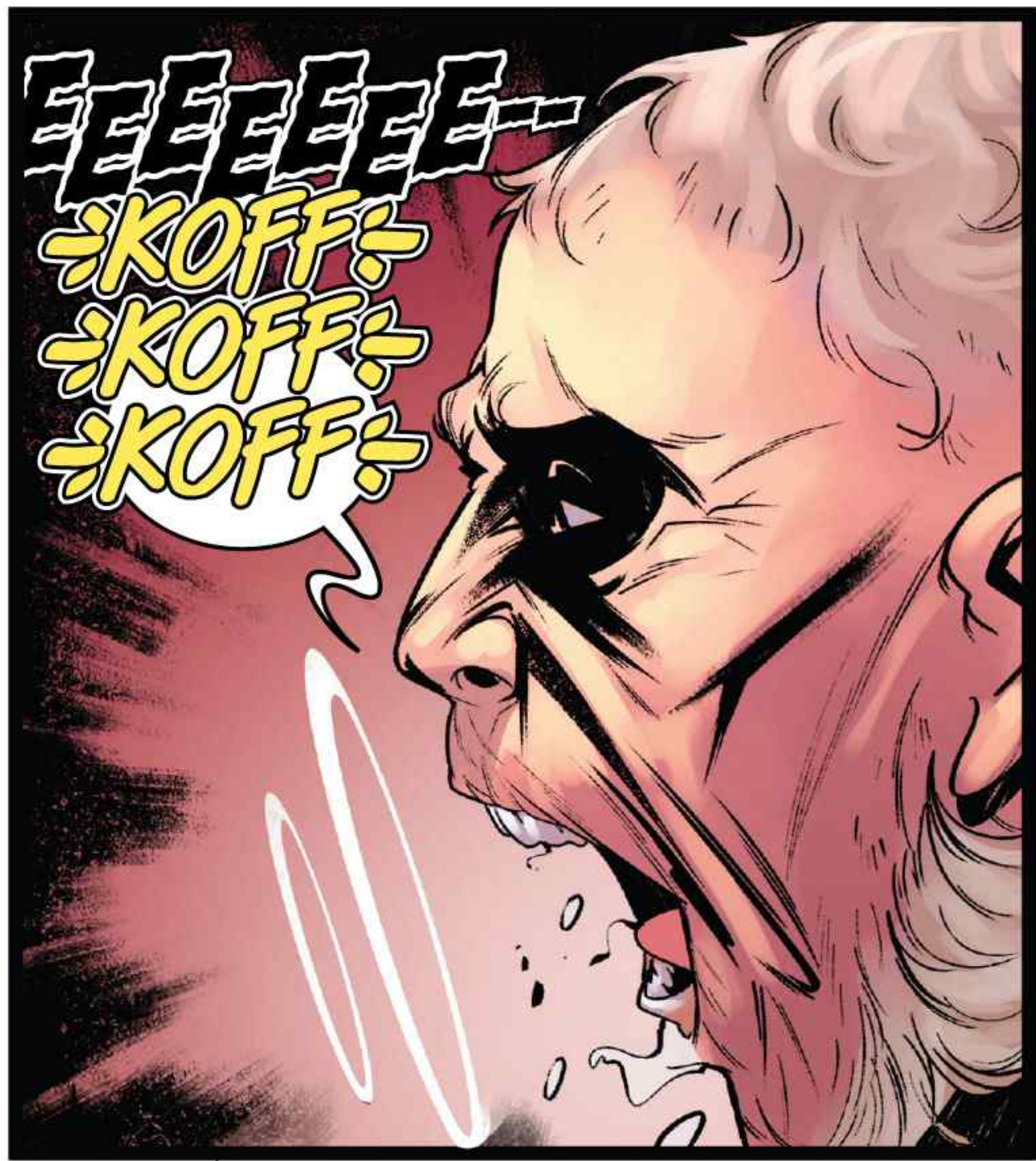
That's my power. With every *grateful* word, you gave me dominion over your *soul* and your *flesh*. And anything in it.



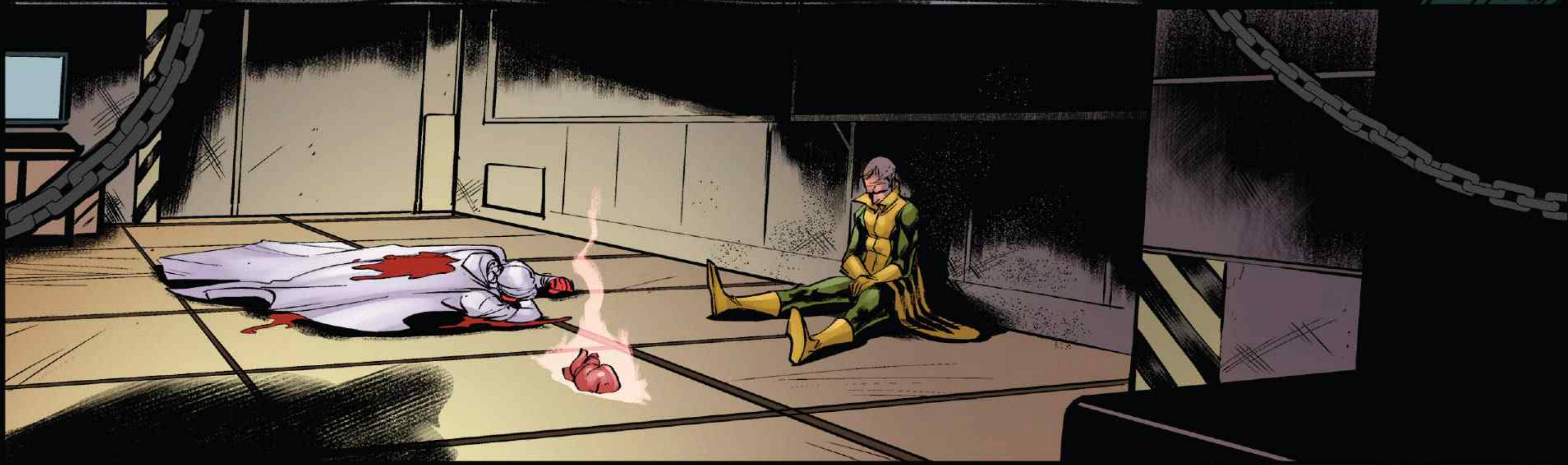
You and your kin mean *nothiiiEIGH!*



O-one o' them's worth a *billion* o' you, ye terrible aul' hag.







Sins OF Sinister CHECKLIST



YEAR 10

SINS OF SINISTER #1

STORM & THE BROTHERHOOD
OF MUTANTS #1

NIGHTCRAWLERS #1

IMMORAL X-MEN #1

YEAR 100

NIGHTCRAWLERS #2

IMMORAL X-MEN #2

STORM & THE BROTHERHOOD
OF MUTANTS #2

YEAR 1000

IMMORAL X-MEN #3

STORM & THE BROTHERHOOD
OF MUTANTS #3

NIGHTCRAWLERS #3

SINS OF SINISTER:
DOMINION #1





ZONE